Liuia, Seigneur Valentio *and his Cosen* Tibalt, Lucio *and the liuelie* Hellena.
A faire assembly, whether should they come?
Ser: Vp.
Ro: Whether to supper?
Ser: To our house.
Ro: Whose house?
Ser: My Masters.
Ro: Indeed I should haue askt thee that before.
Ser: Now il'e tel you without asking. My Master is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merrie.
Ben: At this same auncient feast of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so loues:
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Goe thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.
Ro: When the deuout religion of mine eye
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire,
And these who often drownde could neuer die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers
One fairer than my loue, the all seeing sonne
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.
Ben: Tut you saw her faire none els being by,
Her selfe poysd with her selfe in either eye:
But in that Cristall scales let there be waide,
Your Ladyes loue, against some other maide
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well that now seemes best.
Rom: Ile goe along no such sight to be shewne, But

But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.
Enter Capulets wife and Nurce.
VVife: Nurce where's my daughter call her forth to mee.
Nurce: *Now by my maiden head at twelue yeare old I bad her come, what Lamb, what Ladie bird, God forbid. VVher's this girle? what* Iuliet. *Enter Iuliet.*
Iuliet: How now who cals?
Nurce: *Your Mother.*
Iul: Madame I am here, what is your will?
VV: This is the matter. Nurse giue leaue a while, we must talke in secret. Nurce come back again I haue remembred me, thou'se heare our counsaile. Thou knowest my daughters of a prettie age.
Nurce: *Faith I can tell her age vnto a houre.*
VVife: Shee's not fourteene.
Nurce: *Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shee's not fourteene. How long is it now to* Lammas-tide?
VVife: A fortnight and odde dayes.
Nurce: *Euen or odde, of all dayes in the yeare come* Lammas *Eue at night shall she be fourteene.* Susan *and she God rest all Christian soules were of an age. VVell* Susan *is with God, she was too good for me: But as I said on* Lammas *Eue at night shall she be fourteene, that shall she marie I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake nowe eleauen yeares, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laid wormewood to my dug, sitting in the sun vnder the Doue-house wall. My Lord and you were then at* Mantua, *nay I do beare a braine: But as I said, when it did tast the wormwood on the nipple of my dug, & felt it bitter, pretty foole*

to

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22322) LONDON, 1597 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.55) Octavo